

AN ECHO FROM THE LAKES

WORDS BY

W. H. COYLE, Esq.

AND DEDICATED TO

S. B. DRIGGS.

of Detroit Mich.

INVENTOR OF THE LINGUINE ATTACHMENT TO THE

PIANO FORTE

*Music with the accompaniment composed expressly for the Lingvine*  
OR SWEET VOICED ATTACHMENT AND DEDICATED TO

MRS GEORGIANNA STUART.

by

CHARLES WELS.

New York

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# AN ECHO FROM THE LAKES



Words by W. H. COYLE.

Music by CHARLES WELLS.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in C major, 4/4 time, consisting of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system features a melody in the right hand with dynamic markings *mf*, *f*, *mf*, and *f*, and a bass line in the left hand. The second system continues the piano introduction with *mf* and *f* markings. The vocal melody enters in the third system with the lyrics: "Now like a harp-strings trembling sigh, 'Woke by the murm'ring breeze, From the dim woods in the wild West, From the blue lake's sounding shore, Or the golden leaves of Autumn, Rain-ing down from forest terra; Floats a voice of strange, sweet mu-sic, Such as ne'er I've heard be-fore;". The piano accompaniment continues throughout the vocal lines, with dynamic markings *mf* and *f* appearing in the left hand. The score concludes with a final piano flourish in the right hand.

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Or the sea-wind's hol-low mean-ing, In some wave-de-ser-ted shell,

Like the tink-ling tune low gurgling, That a mer-ry streamlet makes,

Or the sea-wind's hol-low mean-ing, In some wave-de-ser-ted shell,

Like the tinkling tune low gurgling, That a mer-ry streamlet makes

Thrill-ing gent-ly thro'the senses, With a sad and dreamy spell.

Comes that melody euphonic, A soft e-cho from the Lakes.

Listen! Listen! To the echo from the Lakes,  
*ad lib.* *a Tempo.*

Listen! Listen! To the echo from the Lakes,  
*ad lib.* *a Tempo.*

Listen! Listen! To the echo from the Lakes.  
 Listen! Listen! To the echo from the Lakes.

THIRD VERSE.

Piu Lento.



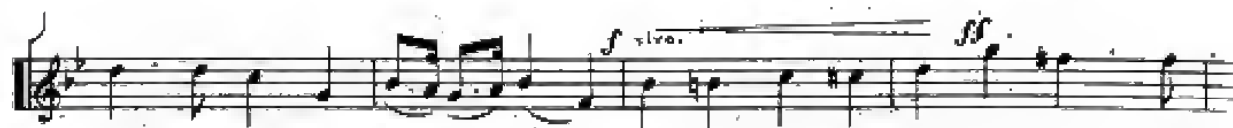
And now me-thinks I hear a chime, As of church-bells swinging high, Whose



sil-ver peals of li-quit joy, Ring out rare har-mo-ny; Whilst



mellow-ing their ju-bi-lee, Like an or-gan's glorious tone, Whilst



mellow-ing their ju-bi-lee, Like an or-gan's glorious tone, Its



deep notes roll in muffled might, Their rich dia-pa- - son.



Listen! Listen! To the echo from the Lakes! Listen!



Listen! To that echo from..... the Lakes!

Quinter Eng<sup>g</sup>